The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44..... .....NO. 13,512.

BALTIMORE'S TRIAL.

Baltimore has displaced Boston as the scene of the second great conflagration in American history. In mere loss of money the present calamity even crowds, or possibly surpasses, that of Chicago, but Chicago retains her tragic pre-eminence by the universal sweep of her disaster—the thousands of dwellings burned, the hundred thousand people turned homeless on the streets and the 250 lives lost. In Baltimore, by a miracle of good fortune, there seem to have been no deaths, except among the intrepid firemen, who are always hazarding their lives as part of the day's work.

There was no mystery about the Chicago fire. It had miles of wooden houses to feed upon, and the brick and stone buildings in its track were engulfed in a sea of flame. But when in the very next year a fire ate out the heart of the business section of Boston, containing the most solid construction known up to that time, people asked whether there was really any such thing as a fireproof building. That question will be asked with redoubled emphasis now that modern steel and stone skyscrapers in Baltimore have melted away like snowballs.

The answer is simple. There are fireproof buildings, but the world has never yet known such a thing as a fireproof city, and it is doubtful whether it ever will. There were great conflagrations in the stone and brick cities of antiquity; there were others in the Middle Ages, and there have been others in modern times, on both sides of the ocean. A fireproof city could be built, but people would not live in it to avoid the chance of a catastrophe once in a generation. There would have to be massive brick walls everywhere, with small windows, metal casings and shutters, and fireproofed fittings, furniture and draperies.

A modern skyscraper is reasonably safe under ordinary conditions, but in a furnace-blast like that of Baltimore its wooden window-casings burst into flame, the shattered glass drops out, the furniture, carpets, hangings and doors blaze like kindling, the sandstone or marble trimmings crumble under the action of heat and water, the steel beams warp and the tile floors come crashing down. It appears that in Baltimore the buildings that were even nominally fireproof were scattered among others that made no such pretensions. Under such conditions they had no chance.

A single old, inflammable building among modern, fire-resisting structures is like a breach in a dike. While a city, unless it is built entirely of storage warehouses, cannot expect to be absolutely fireproof, it can be fairly well protected against such a calamity as that of Baltimore if its resistant buildings are solidly massed. The danger is greatly lessened, too, by broad streets and frequent open spaces. A park system would be well worth its cost for this service alone. And a city might well afford to sacrifice ground enough for parkways a hundred yards wide dividing it into sections that would localize a fire as a leak is localized by the water-tight compartments of a ship.

Meanwhile Baltimore can count upon the sympathy and aid of all America. No great catastrophe has ever happened in this country without moving the heart of the nation to an instant response. Baltimore has only to tell her needs and they will be supplied.

THE WAR OF A GENERATION.

The first war between great powers that this generation has known has begun. In the eighteen years between 1853 and 1871 every great power in the world was engaged in at least one war of the first order. Prussia and Austria fought in two such wars and France in three. But in the thirty-three years since 1871 there has been no duel between two nations of the highest rank, although the military operations in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78 were perhaps as extensive as they will be now.

Our main interest in the present struggle will be to see that we keep out of it. The Russians have been good friends of ours in the past, and if we have had some disputes with them recently over trade it has never been our disposition to consider mere trade chaffering a cause for bad blood. On the other hand, we forced open the closed door of Japan and introduced the Japanese into the society of nations. We led the way in relieving Japan of the treaties that hampered her independence. The Japanese are not only our friends, but in a sense our proteges.

We shall watch the fight, therefore, not with a desire to take part on either side, but with regret for the losses of both and with readiness to take any opportunity that may offer for promoting the return of peace.

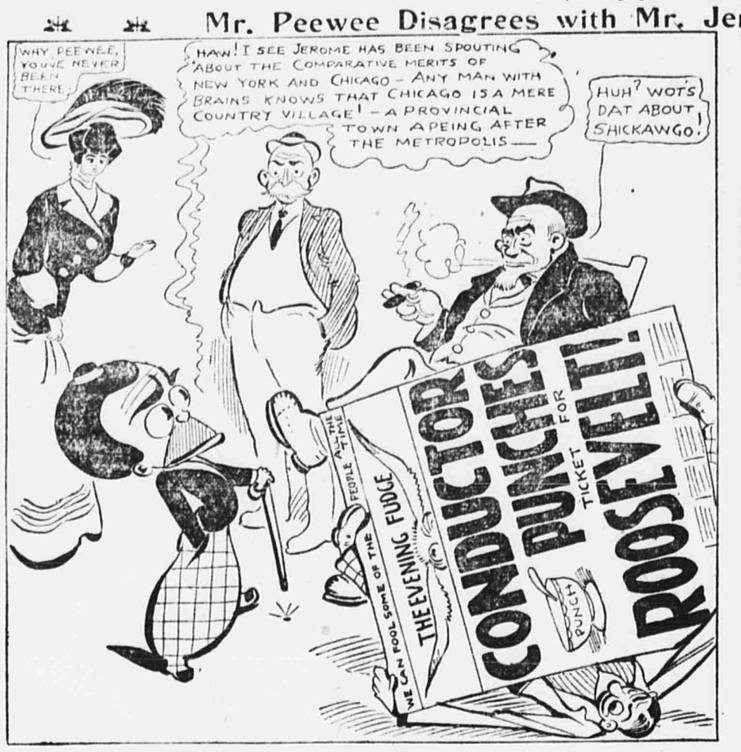
A Club for the Gas Trust.—Mayor McClellan and Corporation Counsel Delany have prepared bills to curb the Gas Trust by providing for local inspection of meters, for frequent tests of the quality of gas, and for a $500 fine for a single failure to reach the standard, instead of $100 fine for three consecutive failures. Gov. Odell, who said that the Mayor could have anything in this line that he wanted, now has an opportunity to "make good."

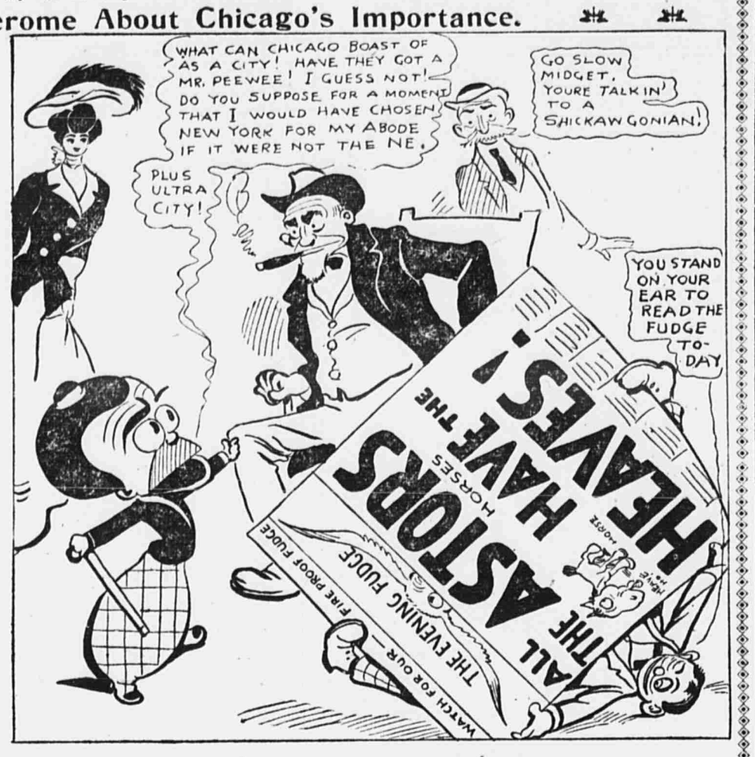
The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

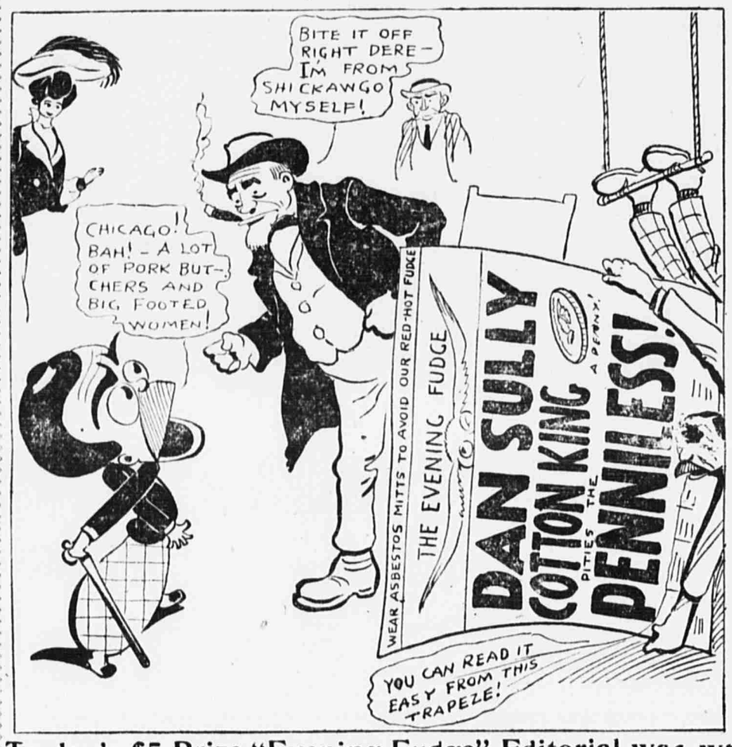
The Most Important Little Man on Earth.

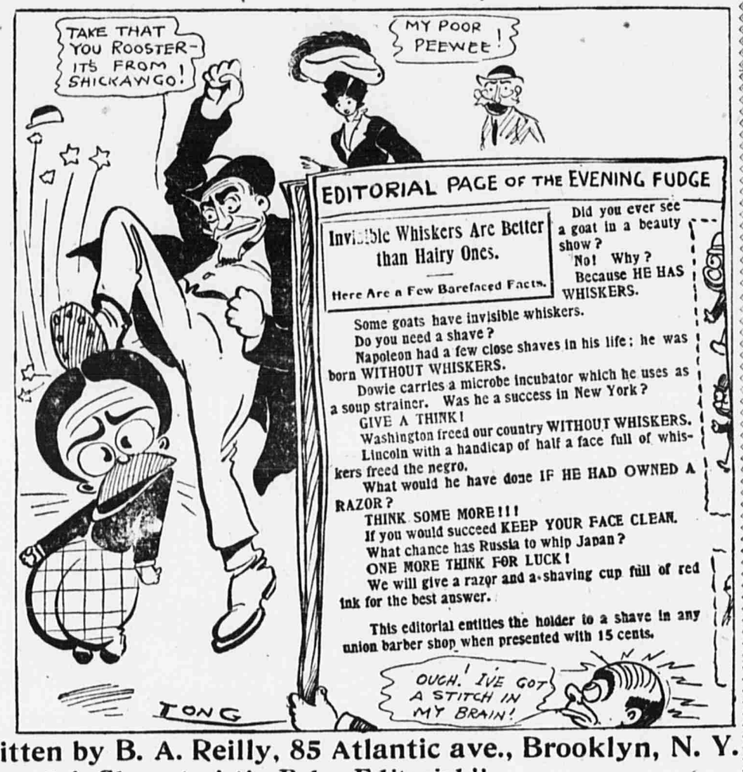
Design Copyrighted, 1903, by The Evening World.

Mr. Peewee Disagrees with Mr. Jerome About Chicago's Importance.







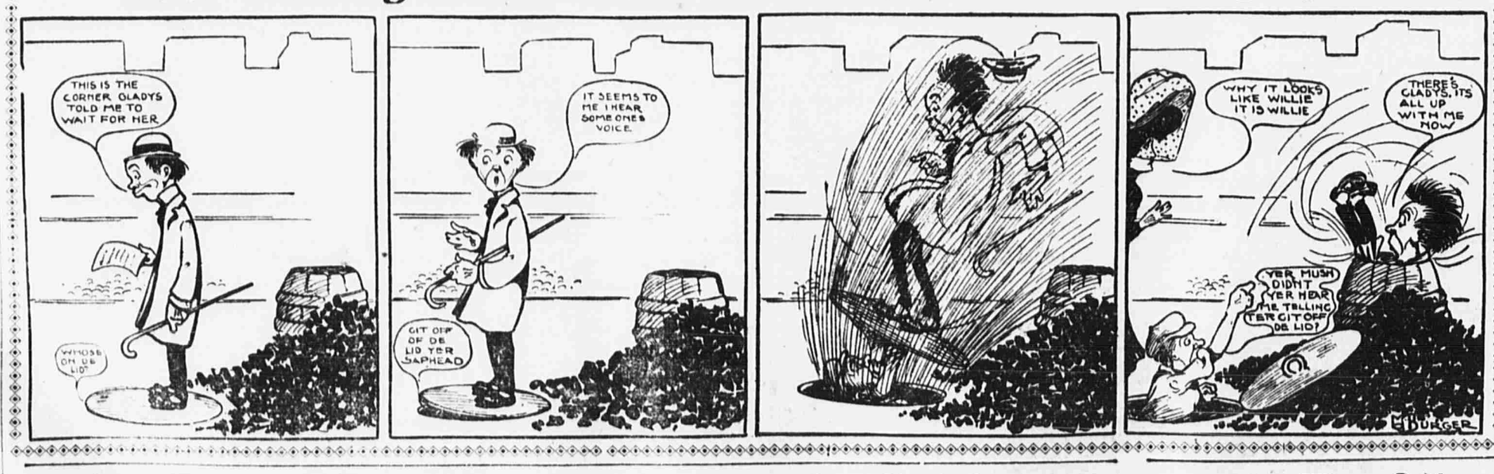


To-day's $5 Prize "Evening Fudge" Editorial was written by B. A. Reilly, 85 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Don't Miss To-Morrow's Prize Winner—"A Characteristic Baby Editorial."

PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES FOR TO-DAY—$1 Paid for Each: No. 1—WILLIAM GILZINGER, 154 Prospect street, Kingston, N. Y.; No. 2—DANIEL R. DELANEY, 17 Rose street, New York City; No. 3—MISS ROTHSCHILD, 237 East One Hundred and Thirteenth street, New York City.

Poor Waiting Willie Waits for Gladys—on the Wrong Spot.



Little Red Apples A Fable By Nixola Greeley-Smith

"Where the apple reddens,
Never fry,
Lest we lose our Edens,
You and I."

THEY were very red, those little red apples that grew in her neighbor's garden, and they hung temptingly low. Glowing spheres among the leaves, year after year she had watched them ripen, year after year had looked and longed for them. She knew she was not alone in her envy and longing for the little red apples. For many there were passing under her window who, pausing, gazed at them with covetous, half-shut eyes and went their way with sighs. And there were others, who, pausing, reached out and plucked and tasted of them. These at the first spoke loud in praise of the little red apples, of their choice flavor and juiciness. But after awhile they became silent lest others, hearing, should also seek the apple tree and there should not be enough to go around. Day after day they passed and plucked and grew old eating little red apples. And after awhile their children came, and they also looked at the tempting, roseate spheres and coveted them. But the parents, though still eating the little red apples, pulled wry faces that the children might see and cease to want what would undoubtedly give them colic.

And a season came when the apples and she grew ripe together.

She wanted those little red apples. There was one in particular, though it differed not from the others in outward seeming, that she grew to covet of all earthly things. She thought about it during long, wakeful hours of the night. She dreamed of the wonder of having it in her hand.

And then one day she saw her neighbor walking in the garden

As men measure height, he was not particularly tall; as they measure wisdom, there were perhaps wiser than he; as they measured greatness, none called him great.

Yet she, who had met what men call the wise and the great and marvelled at the interest others took in them, and passed them by, saw the blue sparkle of her neighbor's eyes and trembled with a strange fear of him.

Then her neighbor spoke:

"I am going to give you a little red apple," he said.

She looked at him. She had forgotten the little red apples. But hearing his voice and the proffer of what had once tempted her so sorely, she remembered suddenly everything that she had heard—and there were many things—about the evils that encompass those who seek the little red apples that grow in their neighbors' garden. So she shook her head.

"I don't want one," she said emphatically. "You know I shouldn't eat one," she said accusingly. "Are they—do you—would I like one?" she said encouragingly.

Her neighbor smiled. She thought at the time that the sun smiled and the stars in their courses. But later she came to know that it was only her neighbor.

"You would like it very much," he said, "when you have tasted a little red apple you will say there is nothing like it in the world."

"Do you like them?" she asked.

Again her neighbor smiled.

"There is no question of my liking it," he said. Then he added by way of argument, "Your grandmother liked it, you know."

"My grandmother?"

"Yes, I mean the first one—Eve."

"Eve!" she gasped. "Oh, Eve!" Then: "Is it that kind of an apple? I don't want that kind of an apple. I won't have it!"

"Very well," sighed her neighbor—she thought too philosophically, "but all little red apples are that kind."

She looked at him, and newer sparkles rose in his eyes and followed and blended with one another as they do in the middle of a champagne glass. Something rose in her own eyes, too, but she was not sure whether it was sparkles or tears.

"Eve liked it," repeated her neighbor.

"Did she?" she questioned doubtingly. "I don't think she was ever heard from directly on the subject. Besides, you shouldn't offer me apples. You are not a serpent!"

"No?" said her neighbor, and for the moment there was a strange gravity in his voice. "What makes you so sure of that?"

But even as he said it, he plucked a little red apple, the very one of all red apples she had wanted, from the tree and held it toward her. Still she drew back, afraid.

"No, no," she said. "I mustn't eat it."

Her neighbor laughed

"Why," he said, "it won't hurt you and you will like it very much. I'll take the first bite myself to prove it won't do you any harm."

So her neighbor set his teeth in the little red apple and took the first bite, leaving a great luscious, white space where the red skin was torn away.

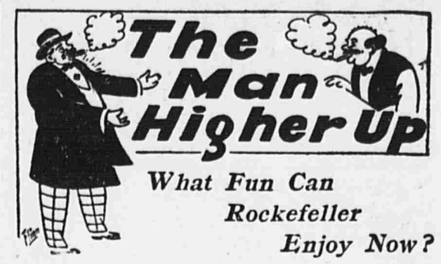
She looked at the great white space, and perhaps because his lips had touched it she laid her lips to the little red apple and took a bite—a gradual, analytical bite, and her neighbor said before she had fairly swallowed it: "How do you like it?"

She looked at him, her eyes swimming with ecstatic appreciation: "I—I have no words to tell you," she said, "it is so wonderful!" Then she added, timidly, "And you, did you like it, too?"

"Yes," he replied heartily, "Oh, yes."

But she noticed that his eyes had left the bitten apple in her hand and were gazing fixedly on another that looked coquettishly from the very top of the tree.

"It was fine," he said, "very fine. But, you know—after all, it was only a little red apple."



What Fun Can Rockefeller Enjoy Now?

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that John D. Rockefeller has retired."

"Yes," replied the Man Higher Up; "but what has he retired to? The ante-room of the receiving vault for his. After accumulating the biggest fortune a man ever grabbed in a lifetime, he takes his ball out of the game and puts his cue in the rack to enjoy himself, but he hasn't got any stomach and his physician sleeps with his shoes and pants on a framework at the side of the bed, like a fireman, waiting for a call to the Rockefeller mansion any minute.

"How is Rockefeller going to retire? He doesn't know anything about anything but business. He has got himself in so deep that he has his hooks gripping every quarter of the earth. Thousands of men with axes in their hands are waiting to take a crack at those hooks. The minute he relaxes his supervision of the layout something is going to happen and he'll have to get busy again.

"Even if he could drop all of his gigantic enterprises he wouldn't know what to do with himself. He doesn't know how to spend money. He can't tour around the world on a yacht because his stomach won't let him take a chance at seasickness. The only form of recreation that seems natural to him is to hammer a golf ball over the country, and if there is a game more calculated to keep a lonesome, bothered man's mind on what he is trying to forget the inventor hasn't got it patented. He may give more money to the Chicago University, but he is probably wise to the fact by this time that the university that has grown up on his millions is breeding hundreds of bright young men who will proceed to knock him and his methods as soon as they are turned loose on the world.

"William C. Whitney was about the only American of recent years who knew how to repay himself for his struggles for millions. He got out while he had his health and then he went in to enjoy himself. He didn't endow any colleges, but he spent his money like a prince. Everywhere he went there was something doing. For every minute of his waking hours he got some recompense for the strain he was under when he was a man of business. He died in his prime, practically, from a disease that is likely to catch the young and strong as well as the aged, but he left behind the memory of a man who, in making himself happy, made everybody else happy in his vicinity."

"Maybe Mr. Rockefeller has means of enjoying himself that you don't know anything about," suggested the Cigar Store Man.

"Maybe he has," agreed the Man Higher Up. "Maybe he subscribes to a press-clipping bureau and laughs over the nice, gentle cartoons and articles that appear in the papers and magazines with him as a subject."

Greek and Roman Gods.

Gods.	Greek.	Roman.
King of Gods	Zeus.	Jupiter.
God of Water	Poseidon.	Neptune.
God of the Lower Regions	Pluto.	Pluto.
Messenger of the Gods	Hermes.	Mercury.
God of War	Ares.	Mars.
The Gods' Smith	Hephaestos.	Vulcan.
God of Light	Apollon.	Apollo.
Goddess of Hunting	Artemis.	Diana.
Goddess of Wisdom	Athene.	Minerva.
Queen of Heaven	Hera.	June.
Goddess of Tillage	Demeter.	Ceres.
Goddess of the Hearth	Hestia.	Vesta.
Goddess of Beauty	Aphrodite.	Venus.
God of Wine	Dionysos.	Bacchus.
God of Love	Eros.	Cupid.
God of Time	Chronos.	Saturn.
Wife of Chronos	Rhea.	Cybele.
Queen of Hades	Persephone.	Proserpina.
Goddess of the Rainbows	Iris.	Iris.
Cup-Bearer to the Gods	Hebe.	Hebe.

Chances of Life and Death.

Only 300 persons in every million die from old age.

Of the 42,590 cases of small-pox reported by forty-four States in 1903, 1,642 were fatal.

Europe loses 86,592 lives a year by accidents.

Fifty-nine per cent. of the deaths from consumption are between the ages of forty-five and sixty years, while only 12 per cent. of such deaths are of persons over sixty years of age.

Anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria has reduced the death rate of that disease from 35 to 7 per cent.

In the United States the annual mortality for railroads is one person killed for every 1,052 employees; coal miners, one person in every 744 employees; seamen in merchant vessels, one person in every 133.

Pointed Paragraphs.

[illegible] questions keep divorce judges busy.

It is easier to make a bluff than it is to make good.

A baby is either the storm centre or the sunshine of the home.

It's easier to pull your ideals down than it is to live up to them.

A man meets with a financial reverse when he turns his money the wrong way.

Of course the young spendthrift is a jolly good fellow, but years later he is apt to realize that he's a confounded old fool.—Chicago News.